

Between Two Shores

(Continued from page 3)

passengers flocked past, he rose and bent over her chair. "You will have chicken broth?" he said distinctly. "I will send the steward." And ere she recovered from her surprise he left her.

A little later the broth was brought, and soon after the steward reappeared bearing loafed prunes. "The gentleman sent you word that you were to eat these," he said. And she sat up in bewilderment and ate the prunes silently.

"You are very kind," she remarked timidly when he came up from the dining saloon and threw himself into the chair beside her.

She shrunk slightly. "Somehow I think that a woman is never happy," she responded gently, "but you"—

He leaned toward her, a swift change crossing his face, his keen



For an instant he looked at her blankly, his brow wrinkling. She saw that he was not thinking of her and reddened.

"You were kind—about the prunes," she explained.

"The prunes?" he repeated vaguely. Then he brought himself together with a jerk. "Oh, you are the little woman who was sick—yes, I remember."

"They were very nice," she said more firmly.

"I am glad you liked them," he rejoined and was silent. Then he broke into an irrelevant laugh, and the lines upon his forehead deepened. She saw that he carried a habitual sneer upon his lips. With a half frightened gesture she drew from him.

"I am glad that you find life amusing," she observed stiffly. "I don't."

He surveyed her with a dogged humor. "It is not life; it is you."

She spoke more stiffly still. "I don't catch your meaning," she said. "Is my hat on one side?"

He laughed again. "It is perfectly balanced, I assure you."

"Is my hair uncurled?"

"Yes, but I shouldn't have noticed it. It is very pretty."

She sat up in offended dignity. "I do not desire compliments," she returned. "I wish merely information."

Half closing his eyes, he leaned back in his chair, looking at her from under the brim of his cap. "Well, without comment, I will state that your hair has fallen upon your forehead and that a loosened lock is lying upon your cheek. No, don't put it back. I beg your pardon."

A pink spot appeared in the cheek next to him. Her eyes flashed. "How intolerable you are!" she said.

The smile in his eyes deepened. "How delicious you are!" he retorted.

She rose from her chair, drawing herself to her full stature. "I shall change my seat," she began.

Then the steamer lurched, and she swayed and grasped the arm he held out. "I—I am so dizzy," she finished appealingly.

He put her back into her chair and wrapped the rugs about her. As she still shivered he added his own to the pile. When he placed the pillow beneath her head she noticed that his touch was as tender as a woman's. The sneer was gone from his lips.

"But you will be cold," she remonstrated from beneath his rug.

"Not I," he responded. "I am a tough knot. If the fiery furnace has left me unscathed, a little cold wind won't do more than chap me."

His voice had grown serious, and she looked up inquiringly. "The fiery furnace?" she repeated.

"Oh, predestined damnation, if you prefer. Are you religious?"

"Don't," she pleaded, a tender light coming into her eyes, and she added, "The damned are not kind, and you are very kind."

Her words faltered, but they chased the recklessness from his eyes.

"Kind?" he returned. "I wonder how many men we left in America would uphold that—that verdict, or how many women, for that matter?"

Her honest eyes did not waver. "I will stand by it," she replied simply.

A sudden illumination leaped to his face. "Against twelve good and true men?" he demanded daringly.

"Against a thousand and the president thrown in."

He laughed a little bitterly. "Because of the prunes?" He was looking down into her face.

She reddened. "Because of the prunes and—other things," she answered.

A ghost of the sneer awoke about his mouth. "I never did a meaner thing than about the prunes," he said hotly. Then he turned from her and strode with swinging strides along the deck.

That evening he did not speak to her. They lay side by side in their steamer chairs watching the gray mist that crept over the amber line of the horizon. He looked at his set and sallow face, where the grim line of the jaw was creased by the constant sneer upon his reckless lip. It was not a good face; this she knew. It was the face of a man of strong will and stronger passions, who had lived hard and fast. She wondered vaguely at the furrowed track he must have made of his past years. The wonder awoke her, and she felt half afraid of his grimness, growing grimmer in the gathering dusk. If one were in his power, how quietly he might bend and break mere flesh and bone. But across the moodiness of his face she caught the sudden warmth of his glance, and she remembered the touch of his hands—tender as it was strong. She moved nearer, laying her fragile fingers on the arm of his chair. "I am afraid you are unhappy," she said.

He stared nervously and faced her almost roughly. "Who is happy?" he demanded, sneering. "Are you?"

"Five days ago a man called me a devil," he said.

His eyes lightened. "Any misdeeds unpunishable by law?"

"I am disgraced," she went on. "I rage when things go wrong. I am not a saint."

"I might have known it," he remarked, "or you wouldn't have spoken to me. I have known lots of saints—mostly women—and they always look the other way when a sinner comes along. The reputation of a saint is the most sensitive thing on earth. It should be kept in a glass case."

"Are you so very wicked?" she asked.

He was gazing out to sea, where the water broke into waves of deepening gray. In the sky a single star shone like an emerald set in a fawn colored dome. The lapping sound of the waves at the vessel's sides came softly through the stillness. Suddenly he spoke, his voice ringing like a jarring discord in a harmonious whole.

"Five days ago a man called me a devil," he said, "and I guess he wasn't far wrong, only if I was a single devil he was a legion steeped in one. What a scoundrel he was!"

The passion in his tones caused her to start quickly. The words were shot out with the force of balls from a cannon, sustained by the impulse of evil.

"Don't," she said pleadingly; "please, please don't!"

"Don't what?" he demanded roughly.

"Don't curse the blackest scoundrel that ever lived—and died?" Over the last word his voice weakened as if in appeal.

"Don't curse anybody," she answered. "It is not like you."

He turned upon her suspiciously. "Pshaw! How do you know?"

"I don't know, I only believe."

"I never had much use for belief," he returned. "It is a poor sort of thing."

She met his bitter gaze with one of level calm. "And yet men have suffered death for it."

Above her head an electric jet was shining, and it cast a white light upon her small figure buried under the mass of rugs. Her eyes were glowing. There was a soft suffusion upon her lashes, whether from the salt spray or from unshed tears he could not tell.

"Well, believe in me if you choose," he said. "It won't do any harm even if it doesn't do any good."

During the next few days he nursed her with constant care. When she came out in the morning she found him waiting at the foot of the stairs, ready to assist her on deck. When she went down at night it was his arm upon which she leaned and his voice that wished her "Good night!" before her stateroom door. Her meals were served outside, and she soon found that his watchfulness extended to a host of trivialities.

It was not a confidential companionship. Sometimes they sat for hours without speaking and again he attacked her with aggressive irony. At such times she smarted beneath the sting of his sneers, but it was more in pity for him than for herself. He seemed to carry in his heart a seething rage of cynicism, impassioned if impotent. When it broke control, as it often did, it lashed alike the just and the unjust, the sinner and the sinned against. It did not spare the woman for whose comfort he sacrificed himself daily in a dozen minor ways. It was as if he hated himself for the interest she inspired and hated her for inspiring it. He appeared to resent the fact that the mental pressure under which he labored had not annihilated all possibility of purer passion. And he often closed upon a gentler mood with burning bitterness.

"How about your faith?" he inquired one day after a passing tenderness. "Is it still the evidence of virtues not visible in me?"

She flinched, as she always did at his sippancy. "There is circumstantial evidence of those," she replied, "sufficient to confound a jury."

(Continued in tomorrow's issue)

THE MORNING ASTORIAN

QUICK RETURN COLUMNS

The supplying of any want that may arise in domestic or commercial life may be readily and quickly accomplished at a nominal cost by the publication of the want in the "Want Ad." columns of the Morning Astorian.

A necessity which may arise for buying or selling horses, carriages, furniture, pianos, real estate, sewing machines, bicycles, safes, watches, jewelry, typewriters, or thousands of other articles, can be met at once by the insertion of a suitable advertisement in the morning Astorian.

To secure help of any sort, or situation of any kind, to find lost articles, to secure board or boarders, lodging or lodgers, borrow money, obtain any kind of security; any of these wants may be supplied by using the "Want" columns of The Morning Astorian.

Rates For Classified or "Want" Advertisements

ONE INSERTION ONE CENT A WORD
Count Six Words to a Line.

THREE LINES THREE DAYS, 30 CENTS
20 Cents a line a week.

"SITUATION WANTED"

For the benefit of persons out of employment, ads under the head of "Situation Wanted" will be printed three days free of charge.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Good girl to do housework. Apply at Bay View Hotel.

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—A BOOK AGENT TO DISPOSE of a small stock of easy-selling books; big profit. Inquire at Astorian office.

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

FOR RENT—NEWLY FURNISHED rooms; steam heated; new house. Apply at room 14, over the Bee Hive.

FOR RENT—THREE FURNISHED Housekeeping rooms. Enquire 472 Commercial street. 4-12 tf.

NICE ROOMS AND BOARD FOR GENTLEMAN and wife or single.—Enquire Astorian Office. 4-25 tf

FOR SALE.

FURNITURE, STOVES, CARPETS, etc., at less than half price you have to pay elsewhere; we also buy and sell everything. Astoria Commission & Auction Co., 365 Commercial street.

FOR SALE—Steam launch, length 35 feet. Address H. I., Astorian Office.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS LOT of wire cable new and second hand, any length, pipe of any description and size, machinery to suit anybody write for prices on anything; metal scrap iron and all kinds of junk and machinery bought and sold. Address M. Barde & Son, Portland, Oregon. 1m.

MUSIC TEACHER.

WANTED—THREE MUSIC PUPILS. Inquire at Astorian office.

MANDOLIN LESSONS GIVEN—MRS. C. D. Stewart, 127 Seventh street.

HOTELS

HOTEL PORTLAND

Finest Hotel in the Northwest.
PORTLAND, ORE.

NOTICE FOR PROPOSALS.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE of the Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C., May 5, 1906.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 3 o'clock p. m. on the 11th day of June, 1906, and then opened, for the construction of a gangway at the Columbia River Quarantine Station, Astoria, Oregon, in accordance with drawings and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or at the office of the Custodian of the Columbia River Quarantine Station, Astoria, Oregon, at the discretion of the Supervising Architect.

JAMES KNOX TAYLOR,
Supervising Architect.

NOTICE FOR PROPOSALS.

CHIEF QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, Vancouver Barracks, Wash., May 15, 1906. Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received at this office until 11 o'clock a. m., June 5, 1906, and then publicly opened, for the construction of

a Railway Station and Post Office at Fort Stevens, Oregon. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Quartermaster, Fort Stevens, Ore., and the Chief Quartermaster, Vancouver Barracks, Wash. The United States reserves the right to reject or accept any or all bids or any part thereof. Envelopes containing proposals should be indorsed: "Proposals for Railway Station and Post Office, Fort Stevens, Oregon," and addressed to the Chief Quartermaster, Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

NOTICE.

Bids are hereby asked for the clearing of right of way on road No. 77, from the Olney School House to the sixteen-mile post where it connects with the present road. Said clearing to be twenty feet in width. And to be cleared of all trees, logs and brush.

Bids to state price per rod or mile. Court reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

Work to be paid for when completed and accepted.

Bids to be filed with the clerk on or before June 5, 1906.

By order of the County Court.
J. C. CLINTON, County Clerk.
Astoria, Ore., May 3, 1906. 4-9

NOTICE TO BOND HOLDERS.

Notice is hereby given to parties holding bonds 1, 2, 3, and 4, issued by School District No. 6, of Clatsop County, Oregon, that the same have been called in, and will be paid within thirty days of this date, at the office of the county treasurer 559-565 Commercial street, Astoria, Oregon.

Dated Astoria Oregon, this 1st day of May 1906,

CHAS. A. HEILBORN,
County Treasurer, Clatsop County.
5-2-30t

LAUNDRIES.

The Troy Laundry

The only white labor laundry in the city. Does the best work at reasonable prices and is in every way worthy of your patronage.

10th and DUANE Sts., Phone 1991.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

RESTAURANTS.

FIRST-CLASS MEAL

for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restaurant. 434 Bond St.

Mon Fong Restaurant

Noodles and Chop Suey.

MEALS OF ALL KINDS

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
74 EIGHTH STREET

BEST 15 CENT MEAL.

You can always find the best 15-cent meal in the city at the Rising Sun Restaurant. 612 Commercial St.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

OSTEOPATHISTS.

DR. RHODA C. HICKS
OSTEOPATH
Office Mansel Bld. Phone Black 2066
673 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore.

DR. KATHYRN RUETER

Osteopathic Physician
Phone Red 2101 Hours: 9 to 12 and 1 to 5
3rd floor Bee Hive Bldg., Com'l. St.

DENTISTS.

DR. T. L. BALL,
DENTIST.
524 Commercial St Astoria Oregon.

DR. VAUGHAN,
DENTIST
Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon.

Dr. W. C. LOGAN
DENTIST
78 Commercial St., Shanahan Building

BROKERAGE.

C. J. TRENCHARD
Real Estate, Insurance, Commission and Shipping.
CUSTOM HOUSE BROKER.
Office 123 Ninth Street, Next to Justice Office.
ASTORIA, OREGON.

WOOD YARDS.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!
Cord wood, mill wood, box wood, any kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly, the transfer man. Phone 2191 Main, Barn on Twelfth, opposite opera house.

THE CHINOOK BAR

416 BOND ST.,
ASTORIA, OREGON

Carries the Finest Line of

Wines,
Liquors
and
Cigars

CALL AND SEE US

THE SAVOY

Popular Concert Hall.
Good music. All are welcome. Corner Seventh and Astor.

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

New La Tosca

263 ASTOR STREET.

I. N. VAUCIL & CO,
CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND
CIGARS.

Furnished Rooms, Day or Night.
LOGGERS' HOME.

ASTORIA, OREGON.

Eagle Concert Hall

[320 Astor St.]
The leading amusement house.
P. A. PETERSON, Prop

Parker House Bar

[Cor. Ninth and Astor Sts.]
Agency for Edison Phonographs and Gold Moulded Records.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE OF RECEIVING BIDS BY CITY.

Notice is hereby given. That up to the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., on Thursday, the 31st day of May, 1906, the Committee on Streets and Public Ways of the Common Council of the City of Astoria, will receive sealed bids for improving Bond street from the west line of Ninth street to the east line of Sixth street as ordered improved by ordinance No. 3250, approved on the 22nd day of May, 1906. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

JENS H. HANSEN,
J. J. ROBINSON,
P. A. STANGLAND,
Committee on Streets and Public Ways.
6-26-4t.

NOTICE OF RECEIVING BIDS BY CITY.

Notice is hereby given. That up to the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., on Thursday, the 31st day of May, 1906, the Committee on Streets and Public Ways of the Common Council of the City of Astoria, will receive sealed bids for the improvement of Eleventh street from the north line of Harrison avenue to the north line of Kensington avenue, as ordered improved by ordinance No. 3249, approved on the 22nd day of May, 1906. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

JENS H. HANSEN,
J. J. ROBINSON,
P. A. STANGLAND,
Committee on Streets and Public Ways.
6-26-4t.

BAMBOO FURNITURE

PAPER RACKS,
TABLES,
STANDS,
CHAIRS,
ETC.,
HAND MADE, ELEGANTLY
FINISHED.

Yokohama Bazaar

626 Commercial Street, Astoria

DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

CANON CITY, Colo., May 27.—The sound of two shots emanating from the home of W. C. Baldwin caused an investigation resulting in finding the dead bodies of Baldwin and his wife. The body of Baldwin was found on the floor with the head blown from the trunk. His wife's body was standing nearly upright against the wall, her head shattered by gunshot wounds. A shot gun lying near by. The couple were married two months ago against parental objection. A coroner's investigation will be held to determine the nature of the tragedy. It is reported that a relative of the woman was seen near the Baldwin home shortly before the shooting.

MALE HELP WANTED—Men and women to learn watchmaking, engraving, jeweler work, optics; easy terms; positions guaranteed; money made learning. Watchmaking - Engraving School, 1426 Fourth avenue, Seattle.

During the last year there have been two examples of the fact that the way of the senatorial transgressor is hard.